WESTWORDS

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A Word Before

Westwords means that the Mount stands on the western brink of America with its feet feeling the pacific. It means that the Mount's long tradition of well crafted words moves forward and further.

Standing here at the edge of newness the quarterly pays gratitude especially to two great teachers: Sister Marie de Lourdes who is always putting her "green thumb" to use in bringing Mount writers to flower, and Sister Dolorosa who inaugurated Inter Nos the first quarterly and long kept it flourishing.

Westwords means also futurity, moving into new adventures with words--pioneering. It will be freighted with creative words, with reflective words. Such words spring from minds illuminated by the Spirit who broods over the bent world ordering creation into peace. They shine into other minds bringing manifestations, epiphanies: the sudden seeing of glory. And all these human words echo mysteriously the Word spoken by God the Father--a Word expressing His being.

Feast of the Epiphany, 1959

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Patricia Fitzgerald '58

BUT I AM CLEAN

The double doors opened slowly because they were heavy, because the heat rose from the sidewalk beneath them, because Martha pushed them forward thoughtfully. Their rubber linings stuck to the cement. Moving slowly, Martha seemed not to notice the weight of the doors or the brilliant sun. The contrast of the air-conditioning made her shiver as she entered the office building.

A man in a wrinkled white maintenance suit recognized her with a gesture as she crossed the crowded lobby. Martha, staring in his direction, didn't see him. She pulled the edges of her black kid gloves, feeling her trembling hands underneath them. "I mustn't seem nervous," she thought, jerking her mouth into a lip-wetting smile. Suddenly she wished that she knew everyone in this lobby, that they were all at a party. Nothing to be nervous about at a party. She leaned against the wall, watching the waiting people gathered in front of the elevator.

Of course it would be a very big party, an impersonal one, like a reception. The lady in the grey mink stole would be the hostess. She is perfect, dignified, gracious. Yes. There would be dancing and I would dance with the elevator boy--the dark haired one who never smiles. He looks like he can samba. Everything is pink--a rich, mauve-pink, to go with these white marble walls. The fat man will ask that fat woman to dance with him. How funny. But they are light, quick dancers--really, they're intricate.

They're better than anyone else. They are going to win a prize. How Funny. The music is getting fast, like in a fun house.

*

She closed her eyes sleepily and when she opened them the dignified woman in the grey stole had become her mother. Martha heard the soft, slow tones float over the music across the pink walled lobby, "It's hard, Martha, I'm awful sorry it happened. You mustn't blame your Dad. I don't want you to feel bad about anything, but your Dad doesn't want to talk about it again--with either of us. I can't explain very well--he is just leaving. You know that he expects you to go with him." She didn't want me to feel bad. The mink stole woman stepped into a newly arrived elevator and the party was without a hostess.

She must start moving again. She could take the stairs; that would take at least ten minutes. Reaching down, she pulled at the strap of her heel, then crossed to the stairway. "Six flights. It might be ten--even twenty--minutes until I see him." She bit her lips again, they tasted bitter. Her legs moved robot-like, connected yet separated from her body.

On the second floor landing, she pushed open a brown door lettered "Rest Room--Ladies." She was going to be sick, but standing there, her throat was only dry and empty. She stood still, waiting. The mirror before her taunted her eyes--what do you look like, Martha? "Like my name," she responded to the grey-eyed reflection with a little emotion, "solid--just like a house is solid, and plain, oh yes, and efficient. Did I say plain--wretched is more like it--wretched with plainness, wretched with a square box body and a short neck and hands too long for the square body. How does Father put it? 'You might wear more becoming clothes, Martha.' It's peculiar that I have long hands."

Quickly she gripped the basin and felt relieved because she could be sick. She filled the wash bowl with water, released the drain, then carefully wiped the empty bowl with a towel. The whiteness glared at her.

*

Her father's voice came across years of nagging to this moment in a rest room. "Agnes, Agnes, "harshly, insistently, "the sink is piled with dishes, now's the time to clear it." A memory of almost physical impact brought back an evening when she was ten, and when, standing at the head of the stairs, she had overheard her parents talking after a party. It was one of the many times that

her father wanted her mother to be in the kitchen, or upstairs, or in the backyard--but mostly, in the kitchen--cleaning or straightening, planning or fixing. And her mother, of course, was not.

"Tomorrow will be soon enough, don't you think, Ernest?"

"What do you think, Agnes, what do you think?" He paused for a deep, offending breath. "That you won't permit me any satisfaction? Agnes--won't you even be CLEAN?" Martha squeezed her hands to her mouth. "Please don't talk like that, please."

"Now, Ernest, dear, I--"

"I said clean, I say presentable," her father pounced on the word, emphasizing each syllable swiftly, his voice rasping, and unconsciously, growing louder. The voices continued, her father's, seeming to waver between disgust and despair and, sometimes, fury. Martha stood beside her bedroom door, not wanting to move or breathe, her ten-year-old mind crying, "My mother is VERY, VERY presentable." The ceiling above her had been full of circles and yellow lines writing "Father hates Mother--not even clean, clean, not clean." Martha remembered it now as one of the last times her father had entertained guests at home.

She thought of other quarrels that had been more serious--after one of the times mother had stayed at Aunt Clara's all day, getting home too late to make dinner, or when she forgot to send the cleaning for weeks. Martha recalled an especially long argument about a huge stain which had remained on the hall carpet for weeks. Now her father had given up reasoning and frightening and instructing. He would leave. Naturally, Martha was to leave with him. Martha, who hung up her clothes at night and washed her breakfast dishes, who replied to letters and arrived on time. Martha, her father's child. Martha, who, after the quarrel overheard when she was ten, had gone to the bathroom and washed her face carefully, three times.

*

She closed the rest room door behind her, shaking her head gently. It felt heavy. She wondered if that was because she had been sick or because of the air-conditioning. The stairs reminded her of her purpose. She seemed to forget what she was doing here, where she was going. She had never before spoken decisively to her father about even a small matter. How would it happen? She could not imagine. She visualized herself on a stage platform, facing her father. "My dear father, we are met today to separate. I will not

leave My Pretty Mother." Would her father applaud then leave the auditorium? Would she bow and say thank you and leave the stage? The unreality of it added a new fear. She tacked an ending on her speech. "Father, you cannot be leaving My Pretty Mother, because she is not efficient. It's only trivial, so silly. You're never silly, Father--and neither am I, am I, Father?"

She had thought about writing a letter to explain how she felt, or simply not coming when he sent for her, or telephoning him. Why hadn't she done that? Why did she come here?

The third floor looked exactly like the second floor. She had never realized how remarkably monotonous this building was--each floor a mimic of the one before it. Martha remembered that her mother would never come to this building to see her father. She should have realized why before, the reason was clear: this building must appear a tedious prospect to mother--proficient and unbeautiful. Martha hesitated, "but there is a certain beauty." The stairs, for instance, were marble, patterned in a dull, blurry orange and black. Her father had often mentioned the many uses of marble in this building, speaking of the craftmanship in a respectful tone.

Martha stopped so suddenly that she tripped a little and caught the heel of one pump on the other. What if her father did not applaud? What if he stood up and would not listen? What if he said, "No you are being ridiculous, Martha, we will discuss it another time, now go home." It seemed to be her mother who ran from the auditorium, her pink cheeks smeared with tears, her broad blue hat tumbling to the floor. Of course, that must be what he would do. How could she not have realized it before? Why hadn't she prepared for that? Why wasn't she ready to explain to him?

> Dear Father,
>
> The baked potatoes are in the oven and I'm making a green salad. Mother is watering the lilies, they should bloom soon.
>
> I cannot leave my mother--what would she possibly do? She would be miserable with Aunt Clara. Sometimes she brushes my hair so that it looks soft, or shows me a nest of swallows in the yard, that I hadn't noticed, or asks me to choose her dinner dress for her.
>
> So, you see, she is not ridiculous,

not at all. The two of us, my mother and I, we need something intangible, not ridiculous, only intangible.

Love from,
Martha

No, no, her father would not understand that. How was she ever going to make him understand? He must not laugh. His laughter rattled in her ears.

*

There seemed to be a crowd of people on the fourth floor. Martha, looking at them distractedly, seeing their faces fixed in concentrated purpose, wanted to be one of them, hurrying somewhere with papers. She watched them and felt at ease. They went up in the elevator confident, smiling, doing something necessary, something orderly.

Seeing a girl purchase stamps from an automatic machine, Martha thought, "I think I need stamps." She opened her small black leather purse, took out her billfold and approached the machine, measuring the time the girl would take. She finished and Martha snapped open her coin purse, carefully removed a dime, watched the stamps appear, picked them up quickly, put them in the allotted section in her purse, and snapped her purse shut with a pleased smile. She and her mother both needed stamps. Martha felt fresh, even poised. She thought, "I'll take the elevator for the next two floors."

The elevator did not come for several minutes. Martha, restless, returned to the stairway. The white linen collar of her suit was twisted on her neck. Stopping to readjust it, her fingers began to shake and her momentary calm was gone. Martha remembered how her mother's face had brightened when, at her request, she had added the collar to her grey suit. The suit had immediately looked different, more attractive. Mother, Mother! I do love you! The tears inside Martha did not appear. The robot legs beat out a rhythm, "white--one step--collar--one step--stars--one step---one-two-three-four-five-five for fifth floor--

She became confused--"Fifth floor, but my father is on the sixth floor. Why do I come here, my father is not here. I wonder if he will like a white collar on this suit. I wonder if he will notice." The walls merged before her. Martha, hearing her father's laugh-

ter, gripped the railing and felt her arms and legs tremble. The stairs presented her refuge--climb them, climb them!

*

The sixth floor, this must be the sixth floor. Martha's eyes saw nothing, but the blackness must be it. Yes, she could hear her father's voice. Martha blinked in the blindness--his office door was standing open.

"--Don't say, Frank--" her father--yes, but who was he talking to? She knew no friend of his named Frank. But, it was his voice.

"Listen, Frank, now that this business is out of the way here, how about a drink?" (Frank seemed to be agreeing). "And I hope you're not forgetting dinner with me next week--I'm counting on that."

Now a strange voice, "I'm not letting either of us forget, Ernest, sure appreciate the invitation to have dinner with you--and your daughter. My wife and I are planning on it, you know. Oh, yes, I'd better get your address while I'm here."

Martha wondered why she hadn't heard of this Frank. She knew of a John, a George, a Will--no Frank. She frowned-- that wasn't their address her father was giving him.

"You can count on this much--my daughter knows the secret of top steaks. Don't know how she does it, but she knows just how steaks were meant to be cooked. Amazing, really. Like steak, Frank?"

Frank laughed and her father joined in, "Kinda silly question wasn't it? Well, you're going to like my Martha's then"'

Martha began moving, her father and Frank would be leaving the office any minute for that drink. Move fast now.

As the elevator inched down to the first floor, Martha stared at the back of the elevator boy, her black haired samba partner, wondering if the new house would have a charcoal broiler. Father liked charcoal steaks just about best. Let's see, she would pick up a new apron and some steak knives on the way home.

2 POEMS

by Barbara Sullivan '59

Winter

Winter
The great
White
Peacock,
Has spread
His fan
Of snow.

Pigtails

I've noticed lately that little girls
Wear mostly pony tails or curls,
No more are we graced with lively parades
Of ambitious ribbon-bound pigtail braids.
Though I sorrowed not at losing mine
And all that went with being nine:
Still I regret that little boys
Will never know their special joys.
No other thing girls might possess
Can bring the sly, gay happiness
Of pigtail braids with ribbons pink
Pulled in love and dipped in ink.

On the First Green Day of Spring I Learn to Be Surprised at Mass for the Dead

by Claudette Drennan '54

Why expect a shooting spring?
Why should we suppose the seasons bring
A sprouting as unnecessary as rockets?
These leaves cannot expect to rise
On sap they never made; winter is dead when it dies.

Oh, the wonder! I question because the
Spring is teaching me to wonder.

Jackson Boulevard

by Czarina Huerta '60

from 1st to 4th floor milkbottles line eastern windowsills.
dirt frosts the glass.
men herd on streetcorners. every girl passes
tiny as she can.

Spanish singing coloreds strum guitars.
screams and honks add rhythm to the theme.
from their outdoor parlor front porch characters weave stories.
and somebody's grandfather rests on the curb-like couch
hopeful for a passing coin to squeeze.

Diane Smith '59

ANDROMACHE: A SYMBOL OF TRANSITION

Euripides, in his play, The Trojan Women, has made Andromache the symbol of transition, of the change from the beloved and familiar past to the feared and unpredictable future. As the word "transition" implies, Andromache is concerned with action or movement. She must move forward, yielding to time and change and adapting herself to a new and strange environment. In order to show Andromache as symbolic of this transition, the playwright employs several devices. The first of these concerns Andromache's entrance, and the wagon in which she enters. The second device deals with her relationship to her son, Astyanax; and the third functions in the dialogue between Andromache and Hecuba.

First, in regard to Andromache's entrance scene: it does not take place until halfway through the drama and forms a bridge between Hecuba, symbol of the past, and the future life symbolized by the women in the hands of the Greeks. Before Andromache's entrance the action and dialogue of Hecuba, particularly, deal with the past. She is queen of ruined Troy and stands for the past splendor of the city and its people. She bemoans her fate and reiterates and relives the events which led to the battle and to the final destruction of Troy. Hecuba cries:

> I was a princess, who was once a prince's bride,
> mother by him of sons preeminent.....And then
> I saw them fall before the spears of Greece.....
> Unhappy, O unhappy. And all this came to pass
> and shall be, for the way one woman chose a man
> (Lattimore translation)

It is at this point that Andromache appears, carried on stage by a wagon heaped with the spoils of war. Thus from the beginning of her appearance, she is pictured in motion. She is on her way to the ships of the Greeks, but first she approaches Hecuba, stops, converses with her, and then moves on.

The whole scene not only forms a bridge between past and future, but also in its physical movement symbolizes transition in itself and the elements involved in it. Andromache's movement across the stage suggests that while she is being carried into the future, she cannot leave the past entirely behind; some of it must be carried over to ease and reinforce the time to come. So Andromache stops and talks with Hecuba, on the one hand showing contact with the past, and on the other gaining strength perhaps, to face events to come and to ease the burden of a new and unfamiliar life.

Further, not only the time at which Andromache enters is important, but also the wagon upon which she is carried. The wagon itself provides the movement inherent in transition, and is symbolic in further ways. It is significant, for example, that the wagon carries Andromache and the spoils of war besides. She is not only physically numbered with the booty, but also the transition, of which she is the symbol, is included in the heap. For the transition which Andromache represents particularly is the all-emcompassing upheaval which follows upon the heels of war. The wagon gives motion to Andromache just as the impetus of war gives rise to change and the problems of adapting to a new environment.

The second device which Euripides uses to show Andromache as a symbol of transition is her child, Astyanax, whom she is holding in the wagon. His meaning, therefore, is partly that of being numbered among the spoils of war also. In his own way he symbolizes the helpless and terrifying position of children and all who cannot defend themselves during war and its consequent upheaval.

Astyanax, however, also carries a further significance, for he is not only a symbol of past life of happiness and fulfillment, but he is also the seed of Hektor and therefore Andromache's last real living connection with this past life and with her husband.

When Talthybios, messenger of the Greek conquerors, tells her that the Greeks have ordered the death of her son, the symbolism is further intensified. The relentless demands of the future reach out to destroy, at least physically, the strongest bond with the past. Andromache is forced to give in to the future. She cannot cease to act, and her only path is forward since the past has been destroyed except for memories.

The intermediate position between the past and future cannot remain forever. After the death of her son, Andromache says:

> .....Cover this wretched face and throw me into the ship and that sweet bridal bed I walk to now across the death of my own child.

With these words she accepts the future life under Greek captivity; she walks toward this future "across the death" of her child. The transition from past to future is complete.

The third and last device is that of the dialogue between Hecuba and Andromache. This again reveals Andromache as a symbol of transition. During the conversation Andromache reveals her connections with the past and her longing for the old and familiar life. She says:"Come back, O my husband" and "Lord of us all once, O patriarch, Priam." Again she cries, "longing for death drives deep... lost our city..." And in another line Andromache herself expresses the period of transition which she is undergoing. She says to Hecuba:

> We are carried away, sad spoils, my boy and I our life transformed, as the aristocrat becomes the serf.

Then in respect to the future her lamentation begins, "I am in the hands of Greek masters."

All of these quotations express this fundamental symbolic meaning of transition. In them are the longing and desirous clinging to the past, the bitterness and pain of the period of change, and the unwillingness to accept the future even while she is relentlessly carried into it. Every element, skillfully handled by Eruipides and expressed by means of the entrance scene with its wagon, Astyanax, and the dialogue with Hecuba, combines to make Andromache a symbol of transition.

4 POEMS

Childhood

The hours of make believe
Flow out
In deepening streams.
The years of reality
Hurry in
with turbulent peaks.

That seagull
Black against the blue
Flaps heavily
at my heart.

My Tree

The blossoms of the plum
Mirrored
In the jade waters of the stream
Bring to mind
The tiny tree, planted
Many moons ago.

That tree must now be tall
All hushed
On tiptoe waiting
For the moon to shadow
Its splendor
Along the ground.

by Miriam Ise '60

I Long

In my dreams
I flew with the birds
To the Happyland.

In a moment
I was in homeland
With my friends
Telling stories
Of the far-off lands.

A dog barks.
I am startled
Back to Present Land
Where my pillow is wet
With longing for
The Happyland.

Why the Cherry Blossoms

The blossoms rejoice
The flowers fall.

If the spring breezes
So easily
Entice the flowers
To the ground,
Why
Should they bloom?

Paula Duncan '59

e. e. cummings: a much of a which of a poet

If one reading of a poem like "What if a Much of a Which of a Wind" by E. E. Cummings does not result in an immediate return of the book to the library, a second reading will probably reveal some interesting and unusual characteristics. Of course, Cummings' use of small case letters arrests the attention of the reader immediately, as it does in most of his poetry. But just as arresting and more important to his meaning is his unusual use of words.

Cummings takes some word familiarly used as a particular part of speech, such as an adjective, and uses it in the sentence in such a way that it functions and conveys meaning, for instance, as a noun. (In most cases the word also keeps the meaning it had as an adjective.) This process, which is called functional shift, is common in English and accounts for many natural changes in the development of our language.

Cummings, however, uses functional shift in his own uncommon way. He seems almost to "force" words to shift in function and meaning. By an analysis of his poem I hope to show how he treats an old theme, sketching man as the one survivor of the material universe, against a backdrop of the end of the world, in a new, rich, and unique way by his use of functional shift.

The first line of the poem, which is also the title, reveals two instances of functional shift. Much is ordinarily an adjective or an adverb, but here the poet makes it function as a noun. It still conveys the idea of a great or important quantity, but somewhat differently from its usual modifying sense of how much. Which is another noun, this time made from a pronoun. With it the poet has

given the idea of some sort of great wind, without telling us specifically what kind. Now let us look at the first stanza:

what if a much of a which of a wind
gives the truth to summer's lie;
bloodies with dizzying leaves the sun
and yanks immortal stars awry?
Blow king to beggar and queen to seem
(blow friend to fiend; blow space to time)
--when skies are hanged and oceans drowned,
the single secret will still be man

The wind in the poem "gives the truth to summer's lie"; that is, it flouts the lazy comfortable idea of summer, stripping it of pretenses.

Dizzying, a little used verb meaning to make giddy or to confuse, created from the adjective dizzy, is applied to the leaves, giving the impression of the confused, swirling leaves of autumn. They bloody the sun because they are red; red leaves are another sign of fall, with the full green of summer gone. The pretense of summer is blown away, then, to reveal bareness in the wake of an autumn wind.

Even more important than the seasonal death of fall and winter is the ultimate death suggested by the bloodying of the sun and the faltering stars. These things have always been regarded as permanent. In the hint of their destruction the end of the material universe is foreshadowed.

In the second part of the first stanza, pretense is blown from a king, stripping him of the trappings that made him seem more than a mere man, leaving him a beggar. The queen is blown to seem. This word is usually a verb, but there is a noun seem, as well, and Cummings takes the implications of both the verb and the noun to convey the meaning of appearance or semblance, especially a false show, which exposes the queen.

Friend, too, is stripped of pretense (suggesting the fair-weather friend) and revealed as a fiend, and space is blown to time. The paradoxical use of hanged skies and drowned oceans again suggests the death of things which men have always regarded as lasting. Out of all this emerges the "single secret"--man. The first stanza is, accordingly, summed up and concluded with the immortality of man, especially resurrected man, which is an explicit statement of Cummings' theme.

In the second stanza, fall passes into winter, the time of

death in nature. Here is the stanza:

what if a keen of a lean wind flays
screaming hills with sleet and snow:
strangles valleys by ropes of thing
and stifles forests in white ago?
Blow hope to terror blow seeing to blind
(blow pity to envy and soul to mind)
--whose hearts are mountains, roots are trees,
it's they shall cry hello to the spring

Keen in the first line is usually an adjective meaning sharp, cutting. But it is also a noun and a verb meaning a dirge, meaning to wail over the dead or dying. All these senses function in "A keen of a lean wind flays / screaming hills."

Valleys, too, are strangled with ropes of thing. Ropes of some intangible substance (the noun, thing) choke the valleys; forests are stifled "in white (again suggesting winter) ago." Ago is an adverb referring to time gone by, to the past.

The passage of time, then, symbolized by the passing of the seasons, brings death--a death which foreshadows the ultimate death or destruction of the natural world. Hope is blown to terror as this happens. Then Cummings gathers all the meanings of the verb-noun seeing, all kinds of vision, and finds it blown to blind, to that which sees nothing. Pity now becomes envy, and the soul is blown to rationality alone: it no longer feels.

Out of death, which smothers nature and even seems to smother man, those who will emerge, the poet says, are those whose "hearts are mountains, roots are trees." Mountains are massive, solid, stable. Trees are also stable, but are characterized by growth as well. Those whose hearts are firm as mountains, and who are yet alive and grow as trees--these are the ones who shall meet and greet the spring, the rebirth, the new life.

In the last stanza the poet shows us the time of the final death of nature.

What if a dawn of a doom of a dream
bites this universe in two,
peels forever out of his grave
and sprinkles nowhere with me and you?
Blow soon to never and never to twice
(blow life to isn't: blow death to was)

--all nothing's only our hugest home;
the most who die, the more we live

This death was foreshadowed from the first stanza; now the "dawn of a doom of a dream / bites this universe in two." Forever, usually an adjective, becomes a noun, a thing which is peeled out of his grave into present reality--eternity. Cummings speaks of nowhere as if it were a place where we are sprinkled after there is no more universe as we know it. Soon is no more because time is no more --this immediate future of soon becomes never.

The verb to be indicates existence, but life is blown to isn't; it no longer exists. Death does not exist any more either--people die in time, but in eternity death is a thing of the past--it is blown to was.

Man again emerges, as he did at the end of both the first and second stanzas. But now all his pretensions are blown away, and he is the one immortal survivor of the universe. As in nature, where new life can come in spring only after the death of fall and winter, so the new life in man can come only after death to the old life: "the most who die, the more we live."

Cummings shows us, then, the turn of the seasons: summer, fall, winter, and looks forward, at least, to the spring. He first hints at, then suggests more broadly, and at last reveals the final winter, the ultimate death of nature in the destruction of the universe. The "single secret will still be man," however. Man can, if stably rooted in essential things, go on in eternity to a new life, a better life. This is not a new theme; it is, in fact, quite familiar. Yet in "What if a Much of a Which of a Wind" the poet has presented it in a very different way. One of the most important differences, moreover, results from the use of Cummings' variety of functional shift as described at the beginning of this article and illustrated in the explication of the poem. The reader, in discovering the new function of words which are familiar to him, finds a key which reveals the familiar theme or idea in a new seeing. To give a new seeing or vision to the familiar is, after all, one of the purposes of a work of art.

Words My Eyes Have Spoken

by Ann De Vaney '59

Words my eyes have spoken
In the brass light
Of leering marquees,
New with the sound of bulbs
And neon glare.
Words that turn
From false tongued notes,

And safely you hold my hand.

Words my eyes have spoken
In the free light
Of yellow wind
That pools the yellow sand
To swim around you.
Words that sing
Slow, sweet, andante,

And softly you hold my hand.

Words my eyes have heard
In the gay light
Of hollow rooms
Filled with the cymbal sound
Of crowds who laugh too soon.
Words that scream
above the noise,

And tightly you hold my hand.

Words my eyes have heard
In the distant light
Of one dusk.
A peppered gull hides from
A peppered sky.

And tears my eyes have spoken.

Elizabeth Shanahan '59

END OF SUMMER

Kay stood on the doorstep of the bathhouse. The rough splintery wood scratched her feet. She shaded her eyes from the glaring gold-red sun. Yes, there was Mike. Joking with two high school girls near the edge of the lake. Kay stared at them for a moment, then started across the hot, white sand.

Mike did not see her as she approached. He was laughing, his head thrown back.

"Yah--I'm a real, honest-to-goodness half-back. Gotta keep in shape for those frat parties, you know."

The girls giggled and the one with the pony-tail dug her foot deeper into the sand. Kay smiled at them, and they stepped backward, still giggling.

"See ya around, girls." Mike waved to them and turned toward Kay. He put his arm around her shoulder. "You shouldn't sneak up on a guy like that. You're such a quiet little doll, huh?"

"I just thought I'd let you flirt a little."

"Well, a guy's got to keep in circulation. My technique will get stale." He mussed up her hair as he spoke. "Come on, let's get some sun."

They lay down on the sand near the water's edge. Kay laid her head on her arms and stared at Mike through her half-closed eyelashes. He had such a wonderful profile--wavy, blond hair just brushing his tan forehead, and a long straight nose that football hadn't ruined yet. Sometimes she wondered if there was anything in that beautiful head, but it hadn't worried her much. Mike didn't like to talk about things like brains, or intelligence. Besides, they were going steady and what more could a girl ask than a college wit,

a football hero, and a good dancer as well.

Kay turned her head away. Two little boys were building a fort in the sand. They pounded the wet sand with their fat little hands.

(Mike must have been a cute little boy. Fat, too. Blond and fat and cute. He's still blond and cute. Not fat, though. Just tall and strong, sort of like a Greek god). Kay smiled to herself. She had always liked to think of Mike sitting in a leather chair in a den surrounded by books, smoking a pipe.

(A college professor, or a lawyer, or a doctor, really dignified. Even a few gray hairs at the temple).

"Hey, doll. What're you thinking about. Me, naturally, but what else?"

Kay blushed. "Oh...nothing in particular. Pretty here, isn't it?

"Yah, I guess so, if you go in for all this nature stuff." Mike raised up onto his elbows, looking around as though it was the first time he had noticed where he was.

"I think it's beautiful. I could lie here forever and listen to the birds..."

"I bet you can even hear the fish talking," Mike laughed, throwing pebbles in her hair.

"I can hear them, can't you?"

"Doll, that's what I like about you. Always ready with an answer to everything. Real sharp." Mike grinned and lay back in the sand.

(But gray hair doesn't look very dignified with blond hair, does it? Mike will never be the distinguished type. Never a man you could talk to about anything. But he's so much fun at a party... and he's nice).

"Doll, what d'ya say to a swim. I'm tired of just lying on the ground. Let's have some action." Mike stood and gave Kay his hand. She ran to the edge of the lake and dived into the icy blue water. Mike followed her almost as quickly. She aimed for the float in the middle of the lake, but halfway across Mike caught her legs and pulled her under. She fought back, swooping armfuls of water into his face. But each time he pulled her down further, until panting, Kay called for a truce.

"I give up. I give up. Have a little mercy."

"OK, loser. Race you to the float. Bet you won't win this time either."

Kay smiled and would have answered his challenge, but a

barrage of water hit her full-face. When she opened her eyes he had swum away, his tan arms glistening in the sun.

(So much fun. . . water still in my ears. So much fun all summer long. Parties, beach, now the lake, but what do you do when summer's over and there are no more parties?)

"Hey, slow-poke. I've been waiting for a half an hour for you," Mike called to her from the float. He helped her up the rope ladder. She had met most of the boys and girls on the float before. They liked her, Kay thought. Several of the girls came over to talk to her but she knew they did it because of Mike. Kay smiled to herself, (He's all mine, you know, all mine, and I don't mind if you stand here and pretend to talk to me. He likes me).

Kay and Mike sat on the edge of the float for a few minutes dangling their feet in the water, splashing each other playfully. Several girls sat down near them and talked to Mike, but Kay felt like a movie actress. This was a play, and she was the star.

"Let's get some food, doll. These kids are beginning to bore me. What d'ya say?"

"Let's go. I'm hungry."

Mike dived into the lake and Kay followed obediently.

As they walked from the shallow end of the water, Mike put his arm around Kay's shoulder. They walked across the hot sand in silence. At the refreshment stand Mike ordered the food. Kay watched the girls who walked by. They evidently admired Mike, but when they saw Kay their looks turned to blank stares of unconcern.

"You know," Mike said as he handed her a hamburger, "we've really had a nice summer."

"It's been lots of fun." Kay smiled. She was happy now.

"All those parties, beautiful weather. Not too hot, not too cool, just right. Man, I'll never be able to study after all this party-time."

"Oh, you mean, what we did this summer?" Kay's smile remained on her face, but her eyes stared out across the blue lake. Two children were having a water fight, their heads bobbing up and down like apples in a Halloween tub.

Mike continued talking but Kay wasn't listening.

"Well, let's take off, shall we. It's getting windy."

Mike draped his towel over Kay's shoulders. They walked back to the edge of the lake and Kay dipped her hands into the water. She could hear it gurgling as it drained out into a pipe and ran down the side of the mountain. She threw a leaf into the stream and it floated farther away until she could not see it any longer.

The sand was cool now and they walked to the car slowly. Mike turned to look at Kay several times. But Kay looked down at the sand or at the trees surrounding the lake.

He opened the door of the car for her and threw the towels in the back seat.

"You're awful quiet, doll. Tired?"

"Yes, I think I am at last. This summer has been so long."

Mike lit a cigarette and blew the smoke toward Kay.

"Can't take it, huh? Well, you better feel up to a party Saturday. This'll be the final drag of the season."

"Mike...", Kay began. "I...Do you enjoy...all this kind of thing? All the time."

"Sure." Mike glanced toward Kay." "Don't you."

"Well, yes...but not all the time. Sometimes I like to just sit and enjoy things."

"Kay, you just can't sit all the time. Life is too short and I want to enjoy all I can while I'm young. You're just tired today, that's all. Wait till tomorrow, then you'll feel fine. We'll go to a party and have a ball." The sun had dropped low on the horizon and it spurted through the trees and fell on Mike's blond head and shone like gold.

He pulled into the driveway of a small cabin set back among the trees. It was dark there and the sun only saw the tops of the firs.

"See you tomorrow? We can drive down to a show or something. Got to be in a party mood for Saturday." Mike held her elbow as they walked up the stone-embroidered path.

"I guess that would be nice."

"All you need is some sleep. Then you'll feel just great." They stopped in front of the screened door and Mike held her chin in his hands: "Hey, now. Don't look so sad. Summer's over, but this is just the beginning of a beautiful autumn...and a beautiful romance." She knew he was going to kiss her and she let him. She closed her eyes and felt warm and golden again as if she were still lying out in the sun. She could smell sun tan lotion and the fresh lake water. It was nice here.

He held her arms with his strong hands, then dropped them and ran down the path toward the car. He waved to her as he drove off.

Inside the cabin Kay pulled aside the curtain and pressed her face against the window. The glass was cold and her breath clouded her view. It didn't matter. It was too dark to see anyway. It was the end of summer and the days were beginning to get shorter.

"Good-bye, Mike." Kay turned from the window and let the white nylon curtain slip through her fingers.

August

by Carlisle Van Horne '61

August sings a sated song
and blinks
at the enormous sun.
People pass like faint statistics
absorbed
into vermillion billows
of lethargy.

My Romance

by Mary Alice Salter '58

consists mostly of waiting.
sitting in a steam-heat room
upon a wind high mountain top--
clock ticking time,
torpor tied--
I wait, sitting in my
sensible flannel pajamas.

At the window
tree tossed stars swell.
But they sting the eyes.
I turn
to my steam heat room
and my tick time clock
and my romance;
which consists mostly of waiting

Piece on Bread

by Ann De Vaney '59

A piece of,
What are you giving me,
Bread
I cannot eat?
We are too filled with bread.
I would prefer
A rose
on the table,
That we can see
touch the velvet leaves
and smell velvet.
That I can pin in my hair.
That we cannot eat.
On Broadway someone eats an orchid every night--
I wonder if they have no bread.

Mortis

by Paula Duncan '59

I fear death--
Not as a child fears the darkness
crowded with sound legions,
Nor as a buffoon fears for his identity
when the mask is cast.

But I fear death
As keening silence pressing
nullity against my words,
As the flush and blaze of "I am"
exhausted in dusk and starless night.

I fear knowing nothing
More than knowing stygian fire,
more than bitter consumption of the world's waste,
For Gehenna lies outside Jerusalem
and both redeem me from annihilation.

With Bare and Tranquil Peace

by Patricia Fitzgerald '58

There in a grave cone whittled peak
Tapered to isolated hatred
I could only seek
An arrogant assent to doubt.

A winter tree which stood
White, brown, and nude
Carved on blue cheviot could
Little claim immortal strength.

It was with bare and tranquil peace
That it rose modestly
to cease
What had divided me.

The moment I saw Yes it too was there
And extending in open stillness
Light and I could not close its world because
It would continue blue and brown and white.

Target

by Patricia Fitzgerald '58

The supermarket was shining with aluminum tipped shelves.
I stared at the canned beans
Red beans, green beans, navy, kidney, string.
Two aisles down, the fattish schoolteacher
With thick glasses insisted to the attendant
That cane sugar was inferior in this state
As someone somewhere dropped two milk bottles
And I could smell fresh liver and hear cash register bells.

Below us the earth began to quake with bombs;
My market basket rolled past the corn into canned peaches,
And a huge man's glasses fell off as he tried to prove
Cane sugar's universal quality.
I knew I wouldn't need the groceries,
But I wondered why the sirens hadn't warned us.

Yesterday's Battlefield

by Elizabeth Matz '59

The waves bounce on the discolored surf
unaware
of the desolation ahead.
Screams echo through columns of quiet.
No laughter fills the night.
A ragged flag
weeps
in the wind.

Bitterness

by Barbara Thomas '61

The acid taste of bitterness
Curls my lips,
Curtains my eyes with muddy ice
And hones my tongue for the words;
Twists the horn of the Unicorn
In the silent space of my soul;
Forces a trident to my unwilling hands
And binds my body to its teeth.

But stay, Bitterness,
When you are with me, I cannot cry.

Ever Ever Dream

by Margaret Dawson '59

To be captain of a ferry boat
is my ever ever dream
sailing through waters afloat
stirring the misty green.

From the wave-splashed deck I'll climb
up the ladder to view
the swelling sea, a red sky line,
my navy uniformed crew.

From here I'll watch the rudder churn
through oceans gray, green, and blue,
About a ferry boat I'll learn--
ever ever dream come true!

Mocking Bird's Insomnia

by Connie Herman '59

What is your problem mocking bird?
No other eyes are open now.
That sun is electric that you see.
It rolls not about on heaven's floor.
It's but a mechanical flickering
Waiting to go off duty when
The Captain of the Day arrives.

Your tune will please my ear all day
When joined in by your family.
But now the blackness calls out: "Still!"
What would you think if one lone star
Danced gay among the Captain's rays?
What is your problem mocking bird?

Peggy Leary '59

PRINCESS PIGTAIL

That day the sun and sky had a brightness contest. I was scooting along the alley, kicking at stones and singing as loud as I could. Today gave me a good feeling. This morning at breakfast Mom made pancakes. They were her special kind, big cartwheels, glommed together with butter and strawberry jam. Jam makes my face stick but it is good.

I skipped hard and my pigtails hit my ears. Princesses have pigtails that reach the ground. I was a princess, Princess Patsy. Five roses stuck their faces through the fence. They were my ladies-in-waiting. They wore red velvet gowns. I said to the prettiest:

"Bring me my glass slippers for the ball."

It is beautiful being a princess. The alley is my favorite place. A butcher bird up on a telephone wire started to screech at me. He scared me. I ran. When I got to the street, my breath couldn't keep up with me. It hurt. I swallowed big pieces of air.

Spurt, spurt, there was a car at the curb. In it was Katie, a big girl. She said to me:

"Want a ride over to the drugstore with me?"

"Yes."

The butcher bird was still on the wire. I wanted to get away. One night I dreamed he took the eyes out of my doll. Besides, I had the money to buy a coke with. I got a dime last night for eating string beans. I hopped in Katie's car. It always makes me feel funny to be around big girls. My tongue got empty of words. We passed Jim Robertson's house. He was my friend; that was something to say to Katie.

"Jim Robertson lives in that house. He is my friend."

Katie smiled at me.

"Why, Patsy, I didn't know you knew him."

"Yes, last summer he let four of us go fishing with him."

We got to the drugstore. Katie parked her car. Just before I jumped out I said:

"Thank you very much for the ride, Katie."

Sometimes I forget to say thank you. It is bad manners to forget it. At my birthday parties it is so much fun to pull the bows off the presents, I forget. I walked into the drugstore. The air in there feels like they leave their icebox door open. In the drugstore is a new pet department. I went to look at the tank of guppies. They are happy fish. Their house is a pink castle made out of shells. Today they were playing hide and go seek.

I decided to go get my coke. I climbed up on a stool and said to the lady:

"Please, may I have a cherry coke."

They are my favorite kind. When I go to the drugstore by myself, I am a rich lady. My pigtails are made out of gold and diamonds. There was a pull on one. I turned. It was Katie. She sat next to me.

"Thought I'd join you. By the way, Patsy, how long have you known Jim Robertson?"

Since I was a rich lady I didn't tell her. I swallowed a big mouthful of coke. It was all fizzy and pricked the insides of my mouth. It was like what people drink in movies. It is fun to be a rich lady but Katie didn't know I was one. She asked me a question:

"Does Jim Robertson have many girl friends?"

"I don't know, Katie."

I finished my coke and went back to my guppie friends. I like them. They were having a dancing lesson. A mother fish is showing them how to be ballet dancers. If I was a fish I would take ballet. I heard Katie say:

"Hi, Jim."

I peeked out of the side of my eye. Jim Robertson was there and he was talking to Katie. I bounced back to the soda fountain. I said:

"Hi, Jim. How are you?"

He grinned and said to Katie:

"Look who's here, our little friend, Patsy."

I wished he would talk to me instead of Katie. He knew me better. But Katie answered him right back.

"Patsy's a good kid. She was telling me all about you."

Jim looked at me.

"So you've been telling tales on me."

Big girls act funny. I didn't tell Katie anything about Jim Robertson except he was my friend. I wished I was a rich lady or a princess again.

Katie made her eyes get big.

"I hear you like to go fishing, Jim"

"Yeah, Patsy tell you that too?"

I wanted to ask him if he had been going fishing. But Katie asked him if he was on the baseball team. She was really asking questions today. She didn't let me say anything. She stood up:

"Good bye, Jim. Guess I'd better be going. It takes me a while to walk back home."

That made Jim stand up to.

"Don't be silly, Katie. I'll give you a ride home."

Katie's eyelashes wiggled around.

"That would be out of your way. I'll walk."

Jim started walking out.

"Come on, Katie."

She zipped out with him. But what about her car and what about me. I guess they forgot about me. I'm glad I'm not a big kid and act like they do.

I pushed out the door. It was eight blocks to home and I would have to pass the butcher bird. I decided to be a princess again. They aren't scared of anything, even dragons.

Too, Too

by Mary Anne Wormsted '59

Too tall, too bushy,
Too lop-sided, too young,
Too brown, too scrawny,
Telephone pole, railroad tie,
But no Christmas tree.

Verse about Love

by Betty Navarroli '59

Some men always seek for love
Thinking it unattainable

A game, a toy, any fleeting joy,
They wish it were explainable

When I found love, I was surprised,
So this may be advisable:

The way to find a lasting love
Is simply by being lovable.

8 POEMS

Christ-Come

Prickle points bright
light our way up tree
to sudden star.

Star shine looks
light on cotton hills
for stable laid.

Laid in cradle
straw for peace,
come Christ Jesus

to this house.

Christ-Coming

Christ coming come running
drop those skewers basting spoons
drop those fade-color tv guide color
santa-made elf-laid tree-under
drop those pastel baby balloons.

Christ coming Christ coming
light shot crossed now
breathe air all new
now bread new bread
Christ coming Christ coming
into our human snail like
slow life into our flesh
and promising world.

by Carron Vincent '58

A Study in Black and White

I
The key
to my
existence
is struggle.

The struggle lasted
all year and when
I awoke it was still
dark
outside.
The secret was
there behind the
night,
but the key slipped
from my tired mind.

(Oh, I could be a
hundred things:
porter, singer or
shoeshine boy or a
gentleman's gent and
wear a vest. Too bad,
I hear street cleaners are
all white this season.)

II
I have
always prided
myself on
my tolerance.

For
days
the years
have been terribly wrong.
The monotony of
superiority has smothered the
light,
but I'm sure that
something will break the spell.

(Oh, they're all right
in their proper place;
but they just don't seem
to see the line
between the races,
if you know what I mean.
We really must sell;
they're right next door,
and Jenny's so young.)

Photo

She wore a polka dot dress,
face bright and lovely,
grass felt-green in the
afternoon:
glossy print makes it gray.

Gray are my thoughts of the
polka dot lady;
foggy--with no clear lines,
except in these rare
strange album hours,

or when remembrance,
delightful sense,
awakens the color, the
bright, the lovely,
the polka dot lady I once knew.

The Park

...after Picard

It is a fine park, kept green by sprinklers and taxes;
Every day it gathers the old and the knowing.
Lovers crossing it to the bright theater or milk shop,
Hurry, feeling limber and ajar in its silence.

Silence keeps the grass green as much as the taxes.
It is this which makes the lovers uneasy:
They seem to know that silence is not merely the lack of movement
(For they are often motionless in love), but the

Monotonous rhythm of the old man spitting tobacco in the sun
Or the woman staring at lined hands seeing her face reflected.
The park is a silence and spelled forest where only
Those with a magic word cross or stay in safety.

Valiant Woman

The star
was made in the no-beginnings of
wisdom before the seas were
conceived and she oversaw the
preparation of her dominions.

The enmity
of darkness is powerless
against the light not her
own but the reflection of
the Sun on her sons.

Daydream

Sun patterns through the glass
strike floor and disperse.

"Darkness sang its death
when I came to you; root
of the world bore its firstborn song.

Wet, new grass received
my self, sprung from
the still of the moving sphere.

Fireflame thrives on my wet,
fresh full, renews the
dust-blind, spinning earth.
Word-made flesh-made
light,
life,
love."

Patterns of sun sprinkle the floor;
focus and blindness slowly return.

The Weathercock Creature

Woman was ever
A veering, weathercock creature.
Aeneid 4:570

A woman
Is swayed by every wind.
Her love is faithless
as fire aswirl.

My small world satellites yours
ignores its ties to other stars:
I cloak your falls,
remain your peace:
eye of the manstorm atmosphere.
But you owe fee to the universe.
You think your part the vital one.
I share your thought and yet I
hope you will allow my gravity.

She lay upon the bridal pyre,
but he, he sailed away.
The hero was--had to be--
a man.

Virgin of Prophecy

by Carol Ann Krommer '58

She was Eve, mother of humanity:
Eve, fleeing a vengeful sword, and
Eve, with the body of her dead son.

She was Ruth, yet of David:
Ruth, gleaning the wheat of Bethlehem:
Ruth, always following, full of love.

She was Esther, beloved of a cousin:
Esther, pleading the cause of her people;
Esther destroying a deceiver.

She was Judith, blessed of the Jews:
Judith, conquering through beauty;
Judith, crushing a serpent's head.

She is Mary, virgin of prophecy:
Mary, bearing God's Son, the redeemer:
Mary, leading his people to love.

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